



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



DL-26  
No 7

10c

# HEADLINE COMICS

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



FOLLOW THE FLEETEST FOURSOME  
OF FEARLESS FREEDOM FIGHTERS...  
THE JUNIOR RANGERS!



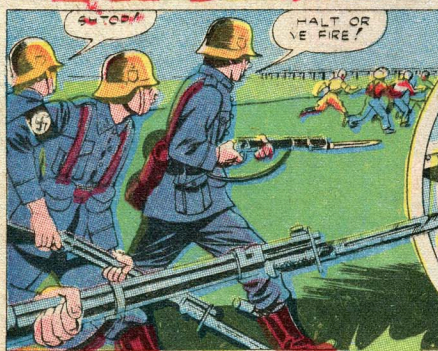
# JUNIOR RANGERS...

THE NAZIS LAUGH WHEN THE EARL OF SPANKENSHERE OPENS UP A ONE-MAN SECOND FRONT IN OCCUPIED EUROPE, BUT TO DISMAY CHANGES BEGINS WHEN THE EARL DISMAY TURNS TO TALK... AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS CATAPULT FOLLOW THEM AS THEY CHARGE THROUGH THIS ROLLICKING STORY OF SLAM-BANG ACTION AND GUSTY HUMOR!





SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH COAST FOUR STEALTHY FIGURES CUT THEIR WAY THROUGH BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS



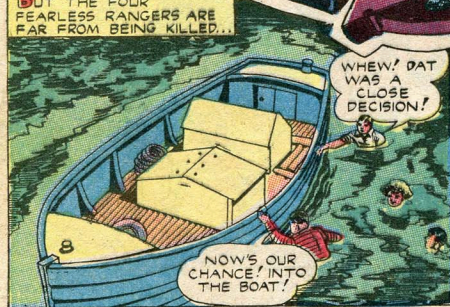
CONFUCIUS SAY SOCK ON CHIN MUCH BETTER THAN SOCK ON FOOT!







**B**UT THE FOUR  
FEARLESS RANGERS ARE  
FAR FROM BEING KILLED...



WHEW! DAT  
WAS A  
CLOSE  
DECISION!

NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE! INTO  
THE BOAT!

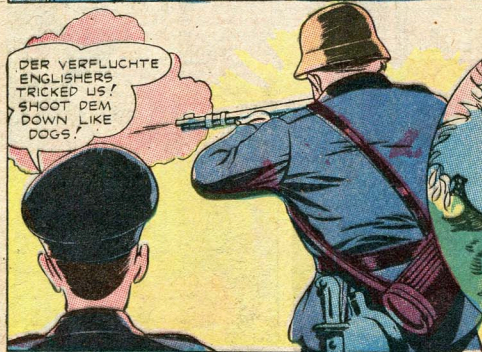


STOP FIRING! VE  
MUST HAFF KILLED  
DOSE CRAZY BOYS!  
HA, HA! VE  
ALWAYS  
WIN!



HA, HA! DEY  
VILL LEARN  
NOT TO FOOL  
MIT DER  
MASTER  
RACE!

PUT-PUT-PUT  
DER MOTORBOAT  
IS GOING!  
HIMMEL!



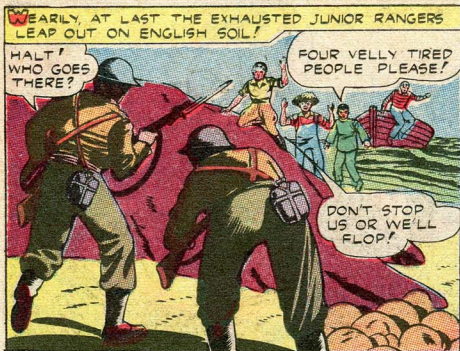
DER VERFLUCHTE  
ENGLISHERS  
TRICKED US!  
SHOOT DEM  
DOWN LIKE  
DOGS!



BOY, AM I GLAD  
WE GOT OUTA DERE!  
I'M SO TIRED ME FEET  
ARE YELLIN' FOR  
HELP!

ME  
TOO!



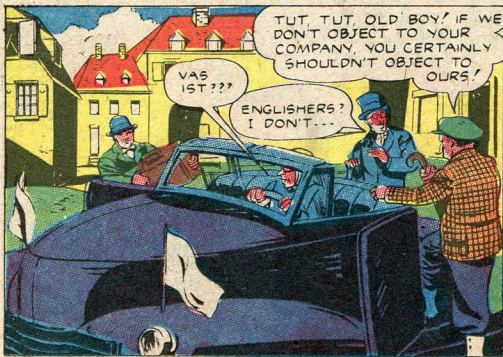


"IT SEEMS THE EARL GOT ANNOYED ABOUT THE WAR AND DECIDED TO SETTLE IT HIMSELF! HE LEFT FOR FRANCE EARLY THIS MORNING.





... IN SOME MANNER, HE SLIPPED PAST OUR GUARDS AND HEADED ACROSS THE CHANNEL? A FLYER REPORTED SIGHTING HIM NEAR FRANCE...





WITHIN A FEW HOURS, NAZI-HELD PARIS IS IN-  
VADED BY THE EARL OF SPANKENSHIRE...

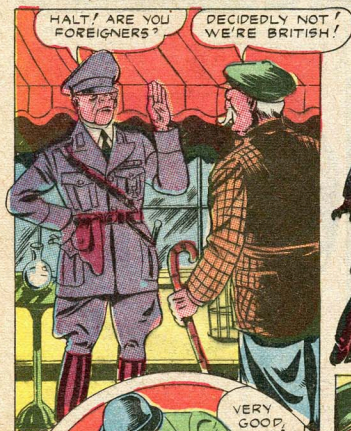
I INSIST ON SHARING  
THE PRICE OF YOUR  
PETROL! WE SPANKEN-  
SHIRES NEVER ACCEPT  
FAVORS FROM THE  
ENEMY! NO QUART-  
ER 'Y' KNOW!

ENGLISH  
MONEY??

VOT VILL HITLER  
THINK OF NEXT?

PARIS IN THE  
SPRING! IT  
BRINGS BACK  
MY YOUTH!

BRINGS  
BACK YOUR  
CHILDHOOD, IF  
YOU ASK ME!



AHA! ENGLISH  
SWINE!  
COMMANDOS!

CHALMERS!  
REMOVE THIS  
INSUFFERABLE  
BOUNDER!

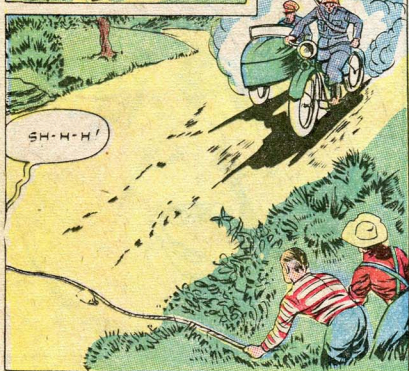




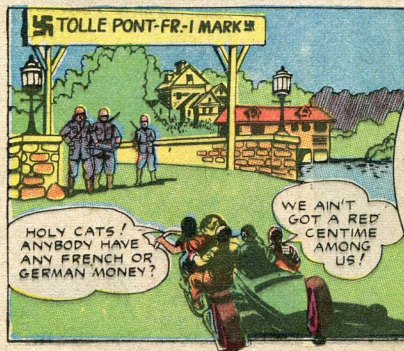
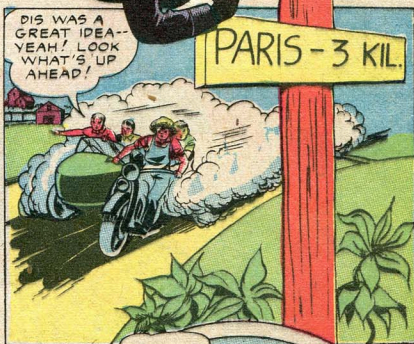
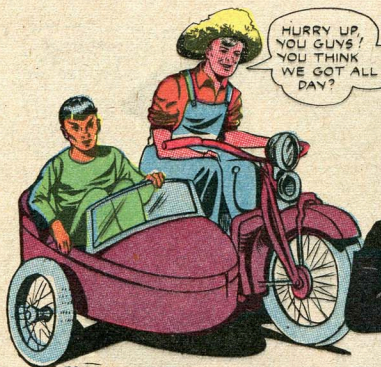




MEANWHILE, OUR FOUR WEARY HEROES  
LAND ONCE MORE ON FRENCH SOIL...









WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE EARL OF SPANKENSHIRE WHILE OUR HEROES ARE RUSHING TO RESCUE HIM? LET US LOOK IN ON THE CONCENTRATION CAMP...

BUT, HERR GENERAL  
VE MUST GET DOT  
CRAZY ENGLISHER  
OUDT OF HERE...  
VHICH YUN? DER  
YUN YOU JUST  
SENT OVER?  
WHO ELSE?

IM NOT EGGS-  
CITED! WHO'S  
EGGS-CITED? HE  
IS DRIVING  
ME MAD  
JUST LIKE  
HITLER--VOT  
AM I SAYING?  
YOU SEE VOT  
HE'S DOING  
TO ME!

WHAT'S WRONG?  
HE'S RUINING  
DER MORALE  
HERE!

VERY RUM,  
SIR!

STINKING!

I SUPPOSE ONE  
CAN'T EXPECT  
MORE FROM  
BARBARIANS!  
OH, WELL, I'LL  
HAVE A BIT OF  
CHOPPED  
LARKS'  
LIVERS AS  
AN APPETIZER!

DON'T  
FORGET TO  
ADD, SIR, THEY  
MUST BE  
THE LIVERS  
OF HEN  
LARKS!

WHAT, NO  
MENU? UN-  
SPEAKABLE  
SERVICE!

QUITE RIGHT, CHALMERS... THEN  
I'LL HAVE A BIT OF TROUT--FRESH  
WATER TROUT, Y'KNOW! INFORM  
THE CHEF THAT I PREFER IT  
COOKED WITH  
CHABLIS WINE!  
1909 VINTAGE!

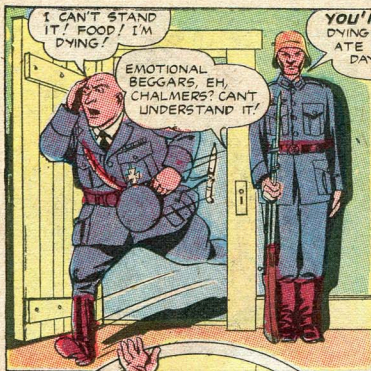
BEGGIN' YOUR  
PARDON, SIR, IT'S  
1908 VINTAGE!  
1909 WAS THE  
YEAR THE  
GRAPES SUFFERED  
A SLIGHT  
FROST!

THANK YOU, CHALMERS!  
DON'T FORGET, A SPOT  
OF SAUTERNE WINE  
WITH THE FISH!  
1893 VINTAGE! RIGHT,  
CHALMERS?

NOT QUITE,  
SIR! 1894  
VINTAGE!  
THE 1893 IS  
A BIT MUSTY,  
IF I MAY  
SAY SO,  
SIR!

SHTOP!





I CAN'T STAND IT! FOOD! I'M DYING!

EMOTIONAL BEGGARS, EH, CHALMERS? CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

YOU'RE DYING? YOU ATE TO-DAY!

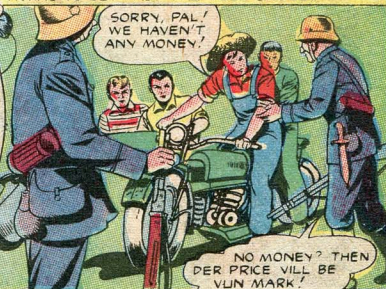


PLEASE, HERR GENERAL, YOU'DN'T YOU DO THIS FOR ME? JUST YUN LITTLE PRISONER TAKE AWAY!



YOU VILL! DOT'S VONDERFUL! HE VILL BE EXCHANGED MIT DER OTHER PRISONERS!

IN THE MEANTIME... OUR FOUR HEROES ARE STILL TRYING TO GET PAST THE TOLL BRIDGE!



SORRY, PAL! WE HAVEN'T ANY MONEY!

NO MONEY? THEN DER PRICE VILL BE YUN MARK!



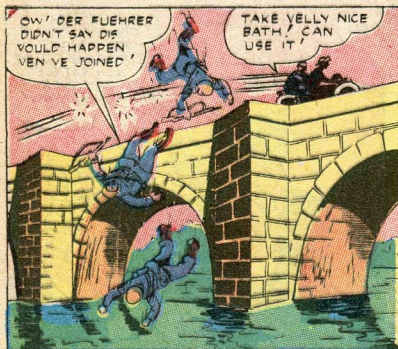
ENOUGH OF THIS TALK! HERE'S A MARK FOR YOU! ON YOU, IT'LL LOOK GOOD!



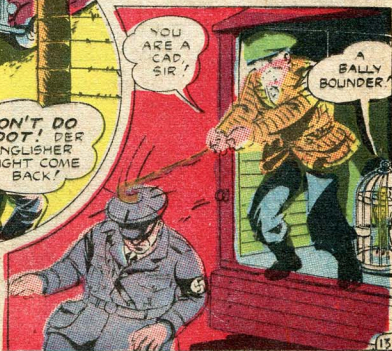
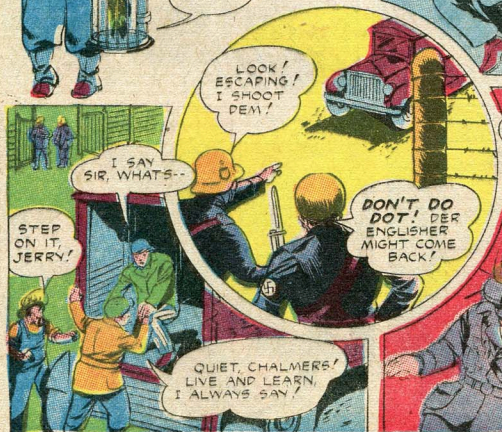
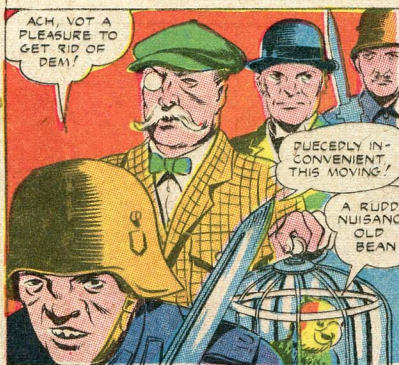
VAIT A MINNIT!

HEY! VOT VILL VE DO FOR LUNCH IF THEY DON'T PAY?

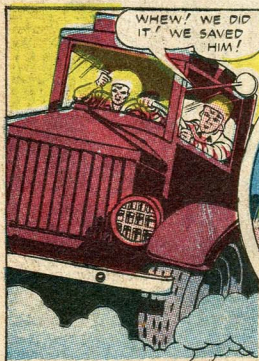




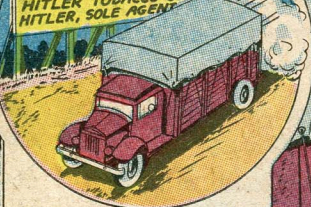






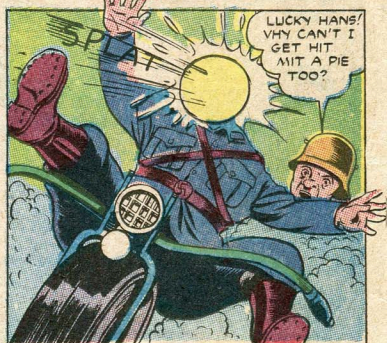


**YOU ARE NOW ENTERING PARIS!**  
 POPULATION---  
 9,829,743--2-126-829  
 1,409,898  
**DER FUEHRER SMOKES EL GERUCH CIGARS!**  
**YOU TOO CAN BE DIZZY!**  
**HITLER TOBACCO CO. A HITLER, SOLE AGENT**



COPPERS! WHATTA WE GONNA DO NOW?

ELEMENTARY, M'LAD! SIMPLY DO AS I DO!





FINALLY, THE SPEEDING FUGITIVES ARE TEMPORARILY SAFE IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE CITY HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND!

WELCOME, JUNIOR RANGERS!

THANK YOU VELLY MUCH!

BOY, MY DOGS ARE KILLIN' ME! DAT YVAS SOME JOB. RESCUIN' HIS LORDSHIP HERE!

YOU BET IT WAS!

I SAY, THAT WAS DECENT OF YOU CHAPPIES-- GOING TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO RESCUE ME! BUT QUITE UNNECESSARY! I WAS TO BE EX-CHANGED, Y' KNOW...

NOT AT ALL! BUT I'VE JOLLY WELL DECIDED TO STAY IN FRANCE! VERY INVIGORATING THIS EXCITEMENT!

CAN YA BEAT DAT! WE COULDA BEEN IN BED ALL DIS TIME!

BEG PARDON, M' LORD! YOU HAVEN'T DINED YET AND ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND CHICKENS WAS MOST OBLIGING!

YOU'RE JOKING!

AH-- SPLENDID!

SHALL I BREAK THE SHELL, SIR?

I'LL DO IT MYSELF, CHALMERS! NEED A BIT OF EXERCISE, Y' KNOW!

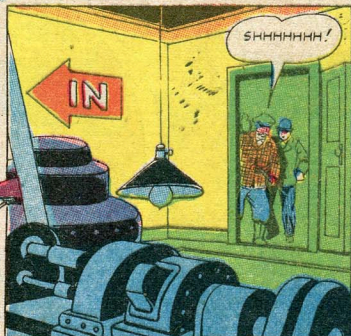
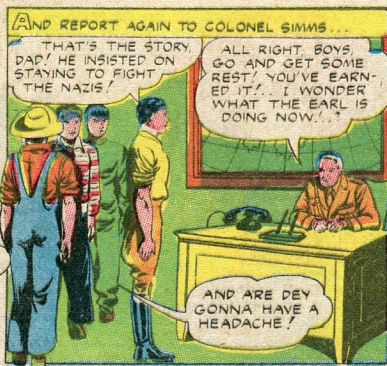
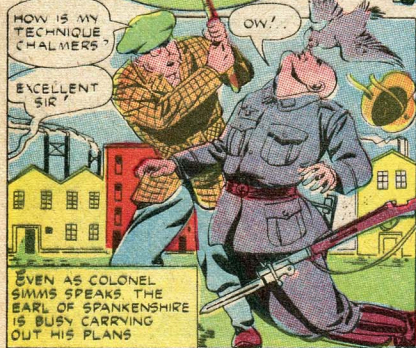
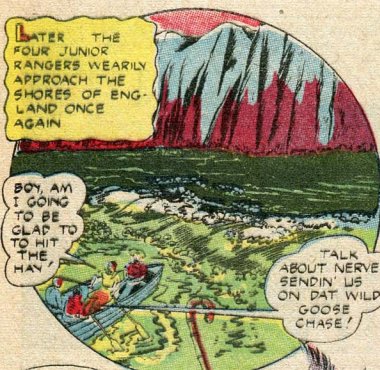
AND SO PRESENTLY...

PIP-PIP, LADS! WHEN YOU RETURN, CHALMERS AND I SHALL HAVE THE JOLLY OLD SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!

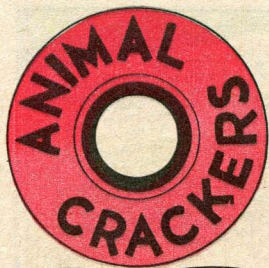
SO LONG, DOOK! DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN MARKS!

MUST COME SEE US IN ENGLAND SOME TIME!

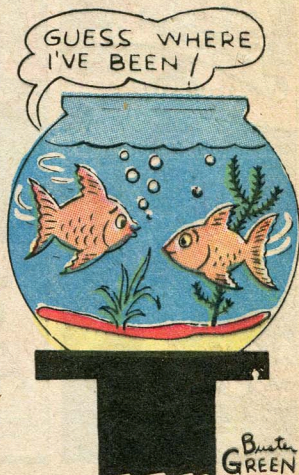
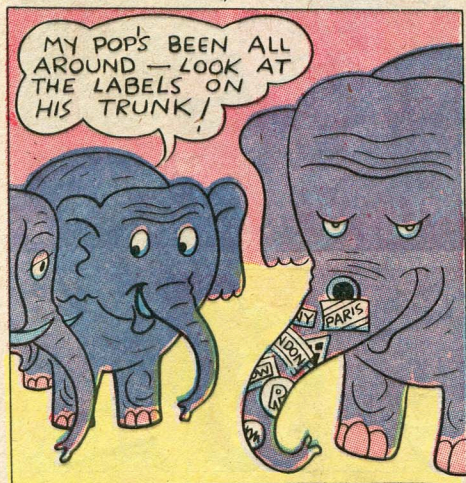
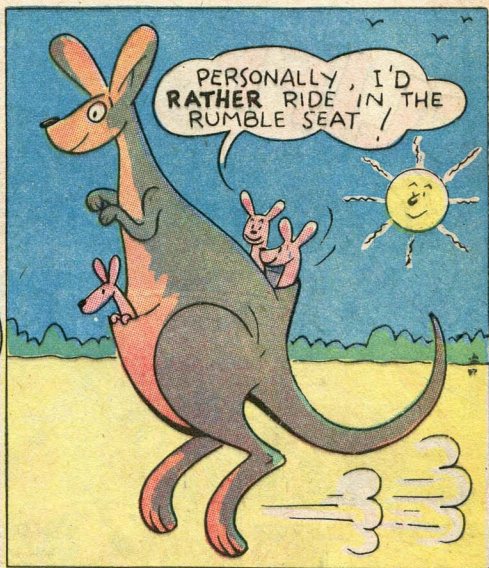








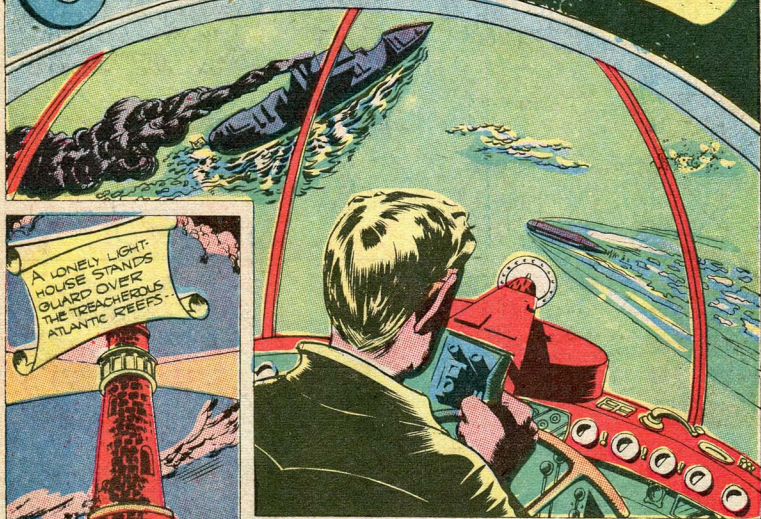
NOW THIS MAY SOUND CORNY, BUT YOU WILL FIND THAT THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM.



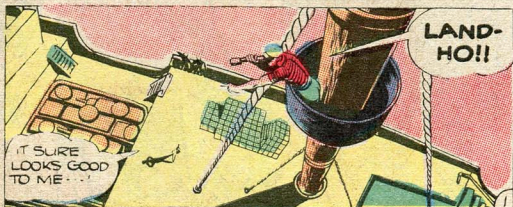


# CLIFF GORDON

WHEN THE HEROIC MEN WHO  
SAIL OUR MERCHANT SHIPS  
THROUGH THE HAZARDOUS  
WATERS OF WARTIME ARE  
FACED WITH A NEW TERROR  
A TERROR THAT RAGES OFF  
THE VERY SHORES OF  
ERICA---IT TAKES THE BRAVE  
EFFORTS OF CLIFF GORDON  
TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF  
"THE NAZI SUBMARINE  
BASE WHERE NONE  
CAN EXIST"



A LONELY LIGHT-  
HOUSE STANDS  
GUARD OVER  
THE TREACHEROUS  
ATLANTIC REEFS--



LAND-  
HO!!

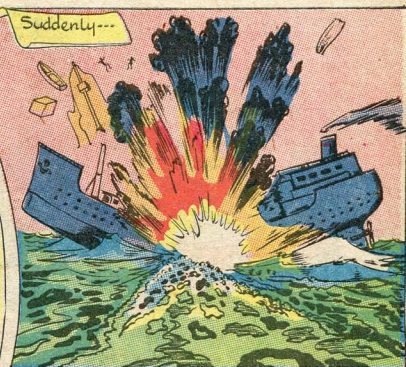
IT SURE  
LOOKS GOOD  
TO ME...





--SIR, I WON'T  
FEEL SURE  
WE'VE MADE A  
COMPLETE  
VOYAGE UNTIL  
WE'RE AT  
ANCHOR--

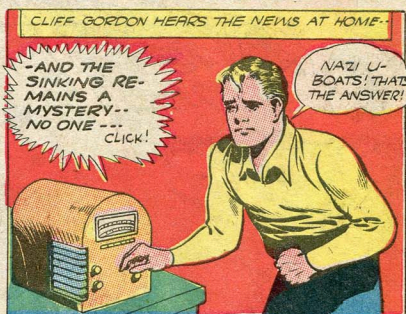
EASE YOUR NERVES,  
LAD! WE'RE HERE--  
IN THE GOOD OLD  
U.S.A. --!



Suddenly---



A PERFECT HIT--THE  
JOHN BOSCOE SINKS  
RAPIDLY---

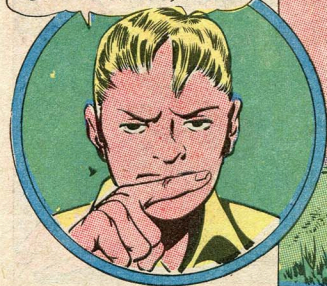


CLIFF GORDON HEARS THE NEWS AT HOME--

-AND THE  
SINKING RE-  
MAINS A  
MYSTERY--  
NO ONE ---  
CLICK!

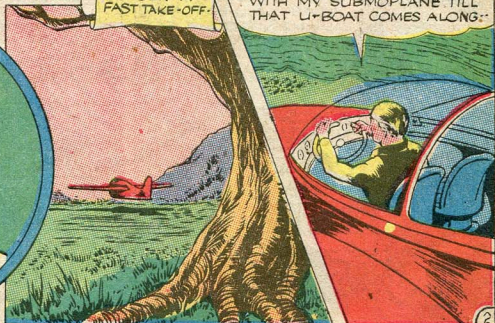
NAZI U-  
BOATS! THAT'S  
THE ANSWER!

--AND I'M GOING TO CATCH  
THOSE NAZI SNEAKS, MYSELF!



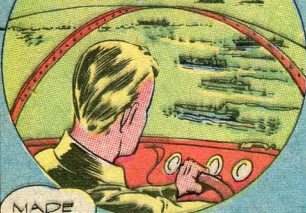
A HIDDEN  
HANGER--A  
FAST TAKE-OFF--

I'LL HAUNT THE SEA-LANES  
WITH MY SUBMOPLANE TILL  
THAT U-BOAT COMES ALONG--

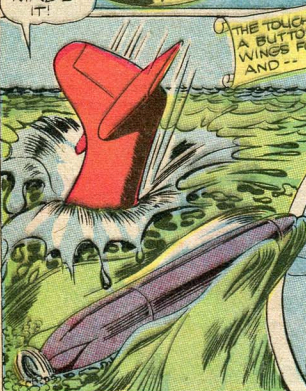




HERE COMES THE CONVOY!  
NOW TO FLY LOW, AND LOOK  
FOR THE STEEL EYE  
OF DEATH----

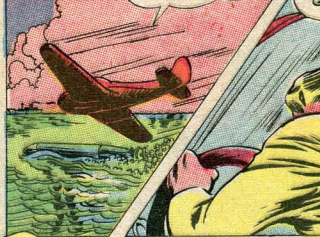


MADE  
IT!



THE TOUCH OF  
A BUTTON--THE  
WINGS FOLD--  
AND--

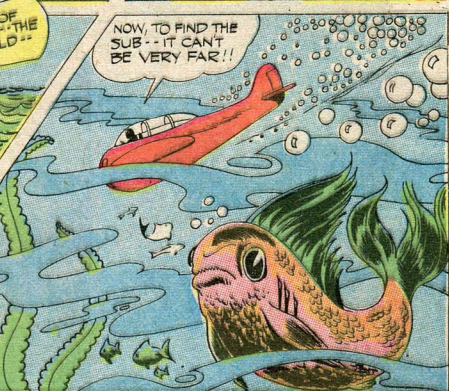
WOW! A TORPEDO  
HEADED FOR THAT  
SHIP! I GOTTA  
WORK FAST--!



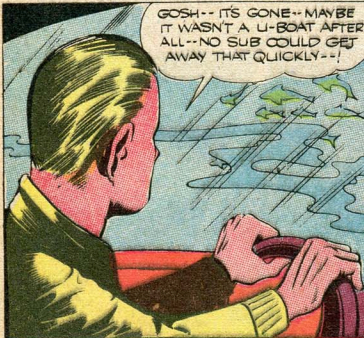
I'VE GOT TO  
CHANGE THE  
COURSE OF THAT  
TORPEDO! HERE  
GOES----



NOW, TO FIND THE  
SUB-- IT CAN'T  
BE VERY FAR!!



GOSH-- IT'S GONE-- MAYBE  
IT WASN'T A U-BOAT AFTER  
ALL--NO SUB COULD GET  
AWAY THAT QUICKLY--!



SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON  
HERE--AND I'M GOING TO FIND  
THE ANSWER--EVEN IF I HAVE  
TO LIVE WITH THE FISH---





MAYBE THE LIGHTHOUSE  
KEEPER KNOWS SOME  
THING ABOUT THESE  
SINKINGS---



SURE IS LONELY BEING A  
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER! SWELL  
PLACE TO STUDY FOR EXAMS!



AH--A VISITOR!  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?

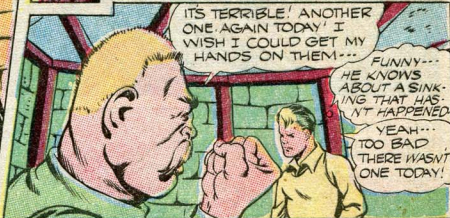
I  
WANTED  
TO ASK  
ABOUT  
THE  
SINKINGS--



IT'S TERRIBLE! ANOTHER  
ONE AGAIN TODAY! I  
WISH I COULD GET MY  
HANDS ON THEM---

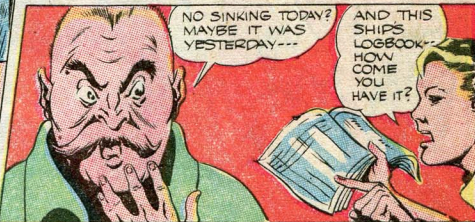
FUNNY...  
HE KNOWS  
ABOUT A SINK-  
ING THAT HAS-  
N'T HAPPENED

YEAH...  
TOO BAD  
THERE WASN'T  
ONE TODAY!



NO SINKING TODAY?  
MAYBE IT WAS  
YESTERDAY---

AND THIS  
SHIPS  
LOGBOOK--  
HOW  
COME  
YOU  
HAVE IT?



YOU WEAR FUNNY  
CLOTHES FOR A  
LIGHTHOUSE  
KEEPER--MAYBE  
YOU'RE A---

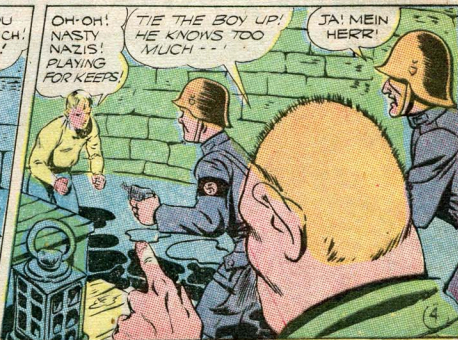
- MAYBE YOU  
KNOW TOO MUCH!  
**WILHELM!**  
**HANS!**



OH-OH!  
NASTY  
NAZIS!  
PLAYING  
FOR KEEPS!

TIE THE BOY UP!  
HE KNOWS TOO  
MUCH---

JA! MEIN  
HERR!



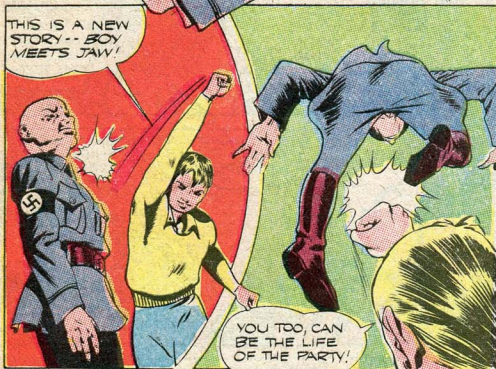




THIS IS TURNING THE  
TABLES---EH, BOYS?



CHIN YOURSELF  
ON THIS---

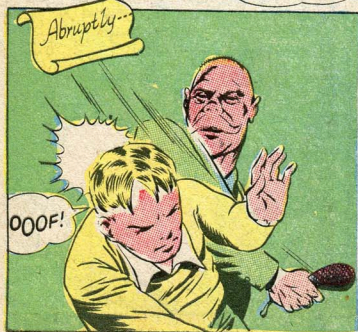


THIS IS A NEW  
STORY--BOY  
MEETS JAW!

YOU TOO, CAN  
BE THE LIFE  
OF THE PARTY!

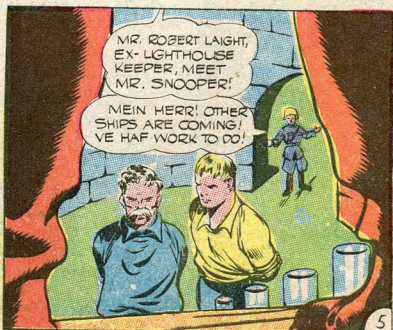


DÖT BOY ISS A  
WILDCAT! I  
MUST SCHATOP  
HIM!



Abruptly--

OOOF!



MR. ROBERT LAIGHT,  
EX-LIGHTHOUSE  
KEEPER, MEET  
MR. SNOOPER!

MEIN HERR! OTHER  
SHIPS ARE COMING!  
VE HAF WORK TO DO!

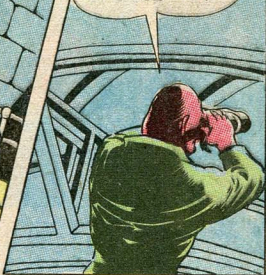


GET EVERYTHING IN  
READINESS! DIS TIME  
YE VILL NOT FAIL  
DER FATHERLAND!

HEIL  
HITLER!



OUR U-BOAT STRENGTH  
MAY HAVE FAILED BUT  
I HAVENT! NO ONE  
WILL SUSPECT THIS  
INNOCENT LIGHT-  
HOUSE ---!



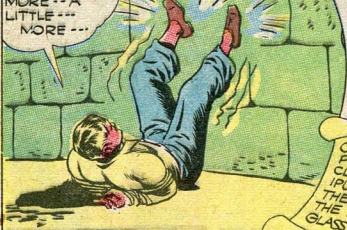
MEANWHILE--CLIFF STRUGGLES  
DESPERATELY TO FREE HIMSELF!

NO USE TRYING TO  
ESCAPE! THEY'LL  
KILL YOU ---

I GOTTA--  
I GOTTA  
GET OUT  
OF THIS--!



WE'RE NOT  
LOST YET---  
THERE'S TOO  
MUCH AT  
STAKE---!  
JUST A LITTLE  
MORE--A  
LITTLE---  
MORE---

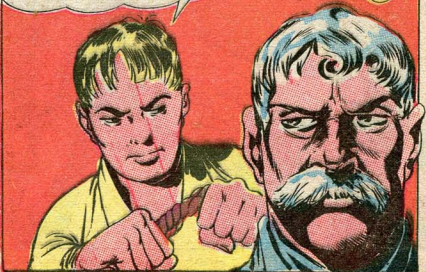


NOW TO CUT THE ROPES  
WITH  
THAT BROKEN GLASS-JAR--!

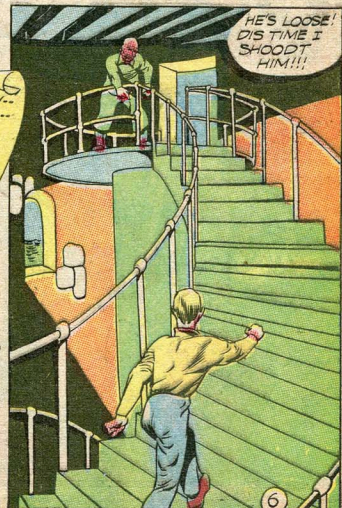


CAREFULLY--  
PAINFULLY---  
CLIFF MAN-  
IPULATES  
THE ROPE TO  
THE JAGGED  
GLASS-AND---

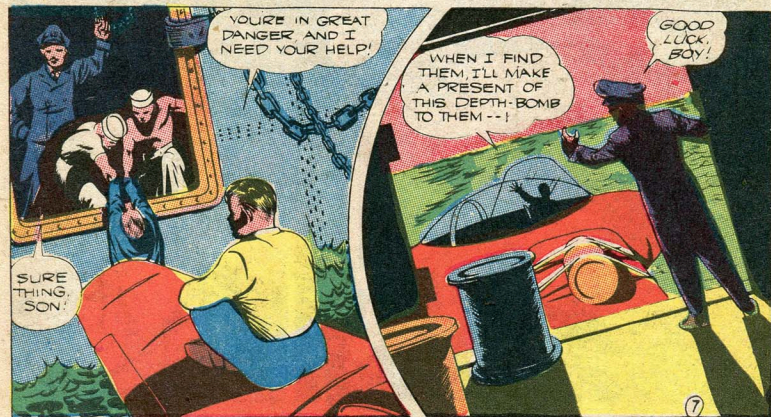
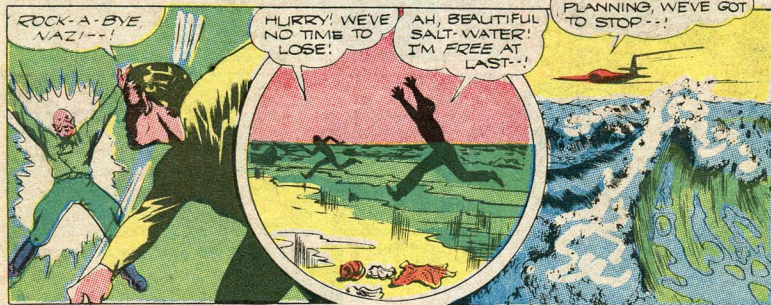
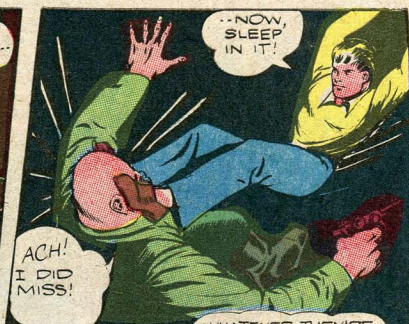
YOU STAY HERE---I'M  
PAYING A LITTLE VISIT  
TO MR. NAZI---!



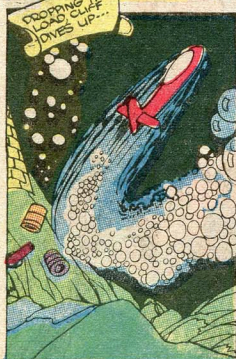
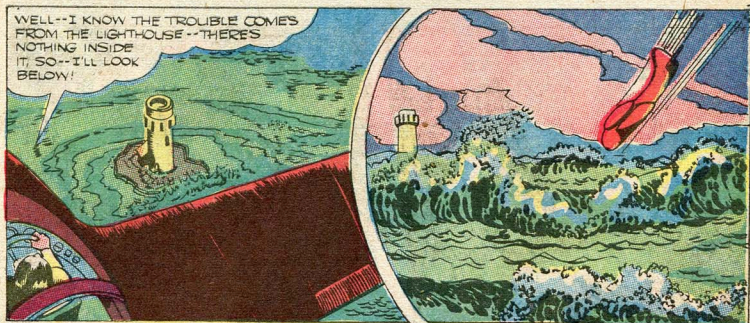
HE'S LOOSE!  
DIS TIME I  
SHOODT  
HIM!!!



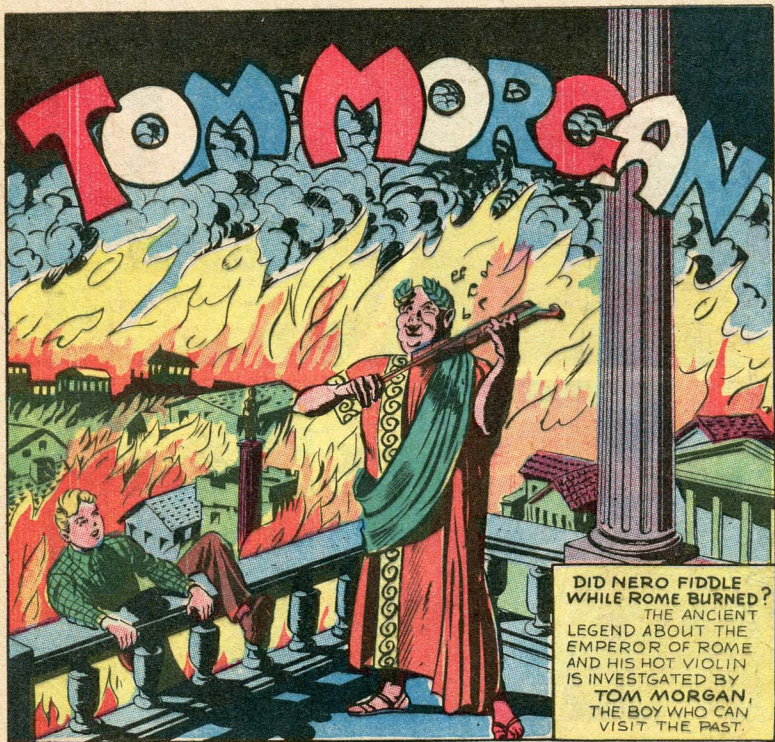












**DID NERO FIDDLE  
WHILE ROME BURNED?**

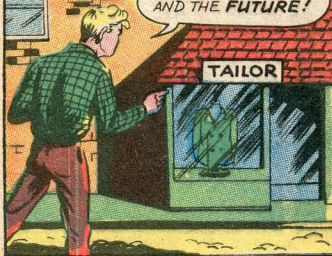
THE ANCIENT  
LEGEND ABOUT THE  
EMPEROR OF ROME  
AND HIS HOT VIOLIN  
IS INVESTIGATED BY  
**TOM MORGAN**,  
THE BOY WHO CAN  
VISIT THE PAST.

THIS IS THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR SHOP  
WHICH LEADS **TOM MORGAN** TO FAR-  
DISTANT ADVENTURES IN HISTORY!

GOLLY, I BET EVERY KID WOULD  
ENVY MY BEING ABLE TO GO  
INTO THE **PAST**  
AND THE **FUTURE**!

HELLO, SON! WHAT'S  
ON YOUR MIND  
TODAY? WANT  
TO TAKE  
ANOTHER LOOK  
THROUGH  
TIME?

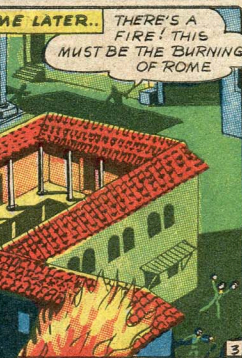
YOU BET! WE'VE  
BEEN STUDYING  
ABOUT **NERO** AND  
I WANT TO FIND OUT  
IF HE REALLY SET  
ROME ON FIRE...  
AND THEN FIDDLER!



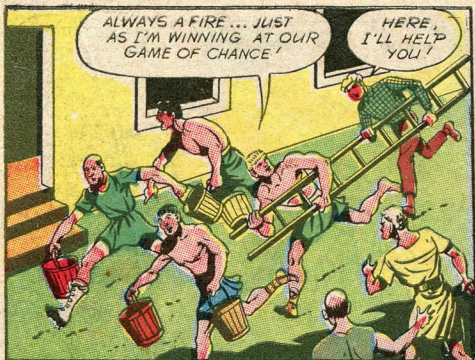








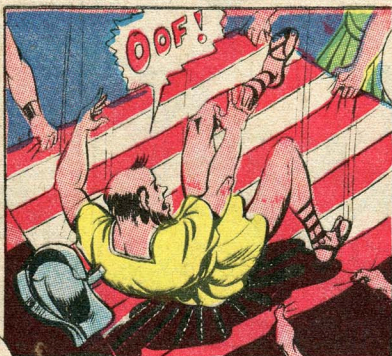








THIS BRITON HAS A WONDERFUL HEAD ON HIM. WE MUST REMEMBER THIS METHOD!



I'LL BET THE HISTORY BOOKS DON'T SAY THAT I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO USE A LIFENET FOR FIRES!



SO YOU WERE TRYING OUT YOUR THEORY? I'LL BET YOU EVEN STARTED THE FIRE!

PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME! I WAS SO AFRAID THAT NERO WOULD FIRE ME AND THEN MY WIFE WOULD GIVE ME NO PEACE!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MY WIFE NAGS ME BECAUSE I AM NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS MAXIMILIUS, OUR NEIGHBOR! IF I LOST MY JOB I'D NEVER HEAR THE LAST OF IT!



I HAD TO DO IT! I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM. I WAS ONLY GOING TO BURN ONE LITTLE BUILDING TO SHOW NERO THAT MY THEORY WOULD WORK. THEN IT GOT OUT OF CONTROL! IT'S ALL NERO'S FAULT!



I PROMISE I WON'T DO IT AGAIN! PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME! NERO WOULD BE VERY ANGRY!



OKAY! I BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL! A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED IN THIS!





HOURS  
LATER...  
WITH  
MUCH  
OF  
ROME  
DESTROYED...  
...THE  
REMAINING  
FIRE IS  
UNDER  
CONTROL  
AND  
**TOM  
MORGAN**  
GOES  
BACK  
TO  
SEE  
**NERO**.

NOW I KNOW  
THAT **NERO** DIDN'T  
SET ROME ON  
FIRE, BUT HE  
SURELY DID  
FIDDLE WHILE  
IT BURNED!

WERE  
YOU HERE  
ALL THE  
TIME WE  
WERE  
FIGHTING  
THE FIRE?

AH! THAT  
SOUNDS  
LIKE THE  
RIGHT NOTE!  
--WHAT  
FIRE ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

NEARLY  
ALL OF  
ROME HAS  
BURNED  
DOWN!  
YOU MEAN  
YOU DIDN'T  
SEE IT?

YOU MEAN WE  
REALLY HAD A  
FIRE? OH, THIS  
IS TERRIBLE!  
NOBODY EVER  
TELLS ME  
ANYTHING!  
I CAN'T GET ANY  
SERVICE AROUND  
HERE



THIS IS AWFUL!  
I'LL HAVE TO  
RAISE THE TAXES  
AGAIN! WHY IS IT I  
CAN'T EVER PLAY MY  
MUSIC IN PEACE?

YOU'D BETTER PAY  
A LITTLE MORE  
ATTENTION TO  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON IN YOUR CITY!  
I HAVE TO GO  
BACK NOW. SO LONG!

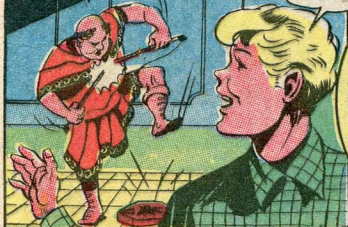
AS OUR HERO  
LEAVES THE PALACE  
HE IS HANDED A  
LEAFLET BY A  
FAMILIAR FIGURE.

HERE, FRIEND,  
READ WHAT KIND OF  
A RULER YOU ARE  
SUPPORTING!

WHAT?

## CITIZENS OF ROME!

TODAY THE CITY  
OF ROME WAS  
BURNED TO THE  
GROUND! THE  
DESTROYING  
FIRE WAS SET  
BY **NERO**,  
WHO THEN RE-  
TURNED TO  
THE PALACE  
AND CALMLY  
PLAYED A  
DANCE TUNE  
ON A FOREIGN  
MUSICAL  
INSTRUMENT!  
SOMETHING  
MUST BE DONE!

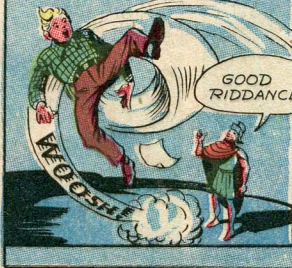


**CLAUDIUS!**  
AFTER ALL YOUR  
PROMISES  
YOU...

SUDDENLY, AS **TOM** FACES THE  
MAN WHO IS PASSING HIS OWN  
BLAME ONTO ANOTHER... HIS  
TIME IN THE PAST EXPIRES...

HIS ADVENTURE IN THE  
PAST OVER, **TOM** RETURNS  
TO THE PRESENT, FILLED  
WITH FIRST-HAND  
KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY  
AS IT WAS LIVED...

I'M JUST IN TIME FOR  
SCHOOL! GOLLY! IF I'D ONLY  
HELD ON TO THAT  
LEAFLET!

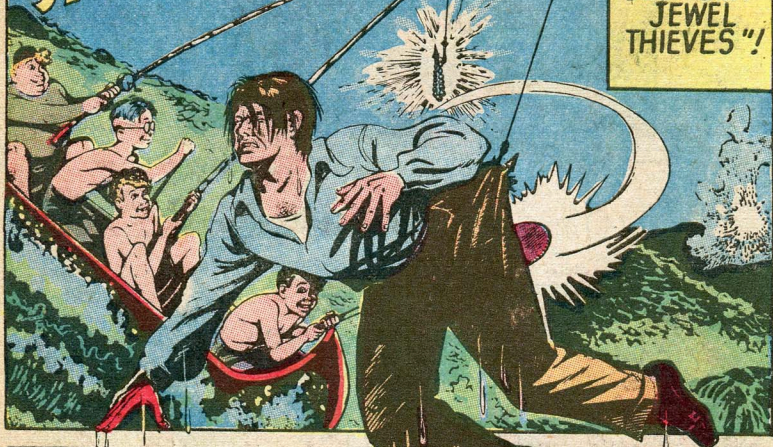




# Buck SAUNDERS

AND HIS  
PALS

BUCK SAUNDERS  
AND HIS PALS  
THROW IN THEIR  
LINES AND PULL  
IN THEIR BIGGEST  
CATCH OF FISH,  
WHEN THEY PAD-  
DLE INTO THEIR LATEST  
EXCITING ADVENTURE  
OF THE  
"DEEP SEA  
JEWEL  
THIEVES"!



A CANOE MAKES ITS WAY DOWN A  
LONELY COUNTRY ROAD, WITH FOUR  
PAIRS OF HAPPY FEET JUTTING  
FROM ITS UNDERSIDE.

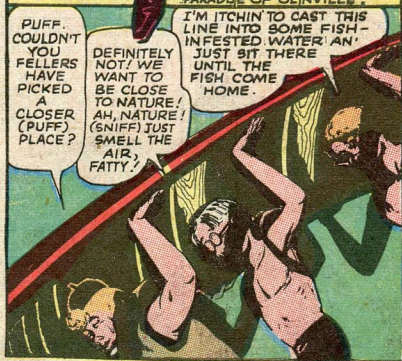


BENEATH THE SKY, COME! FOUR-  
EAGER, SMILING FACES, FACE A  
HAPPY WEEK-END OF FISHING AND  
CANOEING IN THE NEARBY WOODED  
PARADISE OF OLINVILLE.

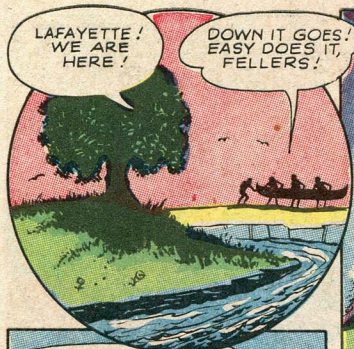
PUFF-  
COULDN'T  
YOU  
FELLERS  
HAVE  
PICKED  
A  
CLOSER  
(PUFF)  
PLACE?

DEFINITELY  
NOT! WE  
WANT TO  
BE CLOSE  
TO NATURE!  
AH, NATURE!  
(SNIFF) JUST  
SMELL THE  
AIR,  
FATTY!

I'M ITCHIN' TO CAST THIS  
LINE INTO SOME FISH-  
INFESTED WATER! AN'  
JUST SIT THERE  
UNTIL THE  
FISH COME  
HOME.

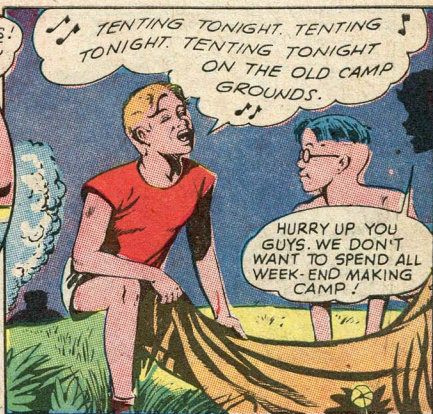






LAFAYETTE!  
WE ARE  
HERE!

DOWN IT GOES!  
EASY DOES IT,  
FELLERS!



♪ TENTING TONIGHT. TENTING  
TONIGHT. TENTING TONIGHT  
ON THE OLD CAMP  
GROUNDS. ♪

HURRY UP YOU  
GUYS. WE DON'T  
WANT TO SPEND ALL  
WEEK-END MAKING  
CAMP!



WAHOO! OH, YOU BIG,  
FAT AND JUICY FISH...  
POPPA DON IS COMING  
TO TAKE YOU HOME.



JUST PUSH IT OFF,  
AND JUMP ON!

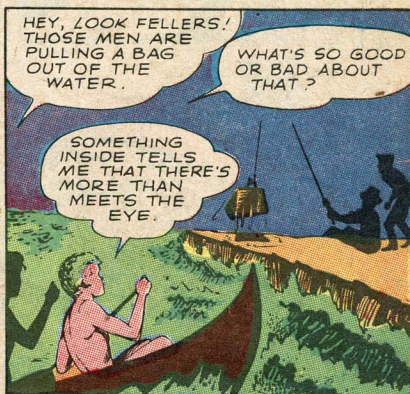


HALP! WHICH WAY SHOULD  
I GO, DON?

DOWN, OF COURSE,  
DOWN!



WHAT ARE YOU FELLERS  
LAUGHING ABOUT? I DON'T  
SEE ANYTHING SO FUNNY?

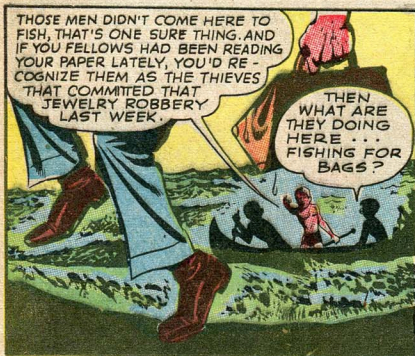


HEY, LOOK FELLERS!  
THOSE MEN ARE  
PULLING A BAG  
OUT OF THE  
WATER.

WHAT'S SO GOOD  
OR BAD ABOUT  
THAT?

SOMETHING  
INSIDE TELLS  
ME THAT THERE'S  
MORE THAN  
MEETS THE  
EYE.





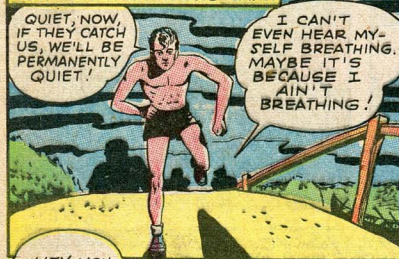
THOSE MEN DIDN'T COME HERE TO FISH, THAT'S ONE SURE THING. AND IF YOU FELLOWS HAD BEEN READING YOUR PAPER LATELY, YOU'D RECOGNIZE THEM AS THE THIEVES THAT COMMITTED THAT JEWELRY ROBBERY LAST WEEK.

THEN WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE ... FISHING FOR BAGS?



OBVIOUSLY THEY HID THE LOOT IN THOSE WATERPROOF BAGS, DROPPED IT INTO THE RIVER, AND THEN WHEN PUBLICITY BLEW OVER, ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS FISH FOR IT!

BEACHING THE CANOE ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER, AND THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, THE FEARLESS FOURSOME PAD STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CROOKS CAR.



QUIET, NOW, IF THEY CATCH US, WE'LL BE PERMANENTLY QUIET!

I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF BREATHING. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I AIN'T BREATHING!



HEY, YOU KIDS! LAY OFF THOSE TIRES!

CHICKIE... THE CROOKS!



CAUGHT YA STEALIN', YA BRATS! I OUGHTA BRAIN EVERY ONE O' YA!



THIS OUGHT TO HOLD THEM!

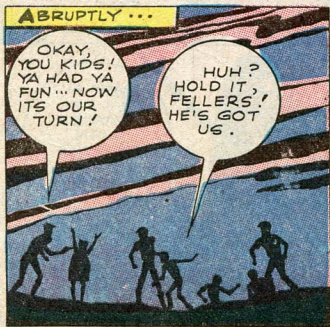
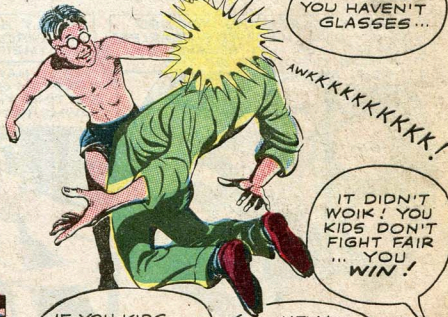
THIS IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW HOW TO SAVE GAS



TOO BAD YOU KIDS C'N READ. 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO READIN', 'RITIN', OR 'RITHMETIC ANY MORE FOR YOUSE.

I HAVE BUT ONE ANSWER FOR YOU, SIR, AND THAT IS ... WAHOO!

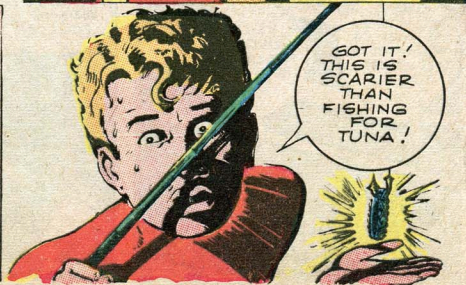
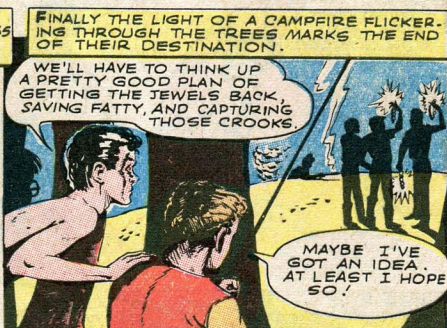








DARKNESS COVERS THE WOODED REGION, AND THE THREE FEARLESS BOYS PAD THEIR WAY STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CAMP OF THE THUGS.







BEING MADE THEIR COOK  
HAS ITS GOOD POINTS  
TOO! (SLUP) THIS SOUP  
NEEDS JUST A LITTLE  
MORE SPICE!

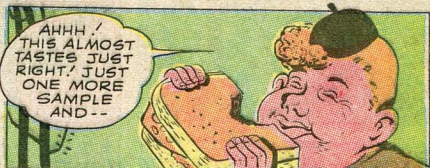
I SURE COULD  
STAND SOME GRUB!  
HEY, FAT BOY! HOW'S  
THE FOOD DOIN'?

WHA...?  
LOOK! DE  
GRUB'S ALL  
GONE!

DON'T GET  
EXCITED GENTLEMEN!  
I CAN ALWAYS  
MAKE MORE.



HMMM. A  
GOOD COOK  
(SLUP) MUST  
ALWAYS TASTE  
(GLUB) WHAT  
HE'S MAKING!



AHHH!  
THIS ALMOST  
TASTES JUST  
RIGHT! JUST  
ONE MORE  
SAMPLE  
AND--



DIS IS FOR GRUBBIN' OUR  
GRUB! NOW GET BUSY  
AN' MAKE US SOME  
FOOD!

OOOFF!



THEY WANT FOOD,  
EH? WELL, I'LL  
FIX THAT! I'LL  
FIX THEM FOR  
GOOD!

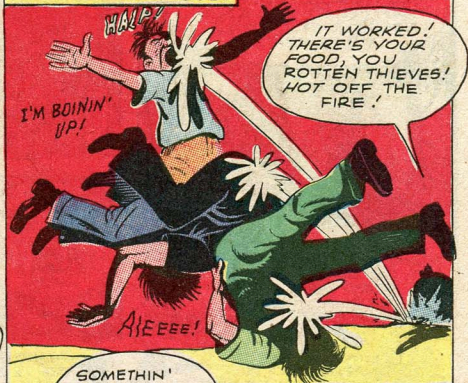


I ONCE  
READ ABOUT  
THIS TRICK ABOUT  
PUTTING EGGS INTO  
A CLAY MOLD. I HOPE  
IT WORKS NOW! THERE  
SHOULD BE SOME  
FIREWORKS PRETTY  
SOON ... I HOPE!





SUDDENLY, THE EGGS IN THE MOLD START SHOOTING OUT OF THE MOLD AND SPLATTER ALL OVER THE THUGS.









# THE RABBIT'S HUTCH

By CREST WOOD

THEY could have been just animal lovers gathered in a suburban house to look at some guinea-pig hutch.

The Rabbit was the only one of the three who looked at all like what they really were, crooks. Without the harelip which disfigured him and gave him his nickname, the Rabbit would have seemed just as ordinary as Van Dunsan and Luncie.

"Rabbit, stop playing with your pets and listen," Van Dunsan's tone left no doubt as to who was head man. "This'll be the last job for a while, then we'll split the dough and lie dogga for a while."

The Relief Ball, one of the many that season to raise money for the Allies, was crowded.

Meg had said, "We go." So they went, even though Joe would have preferred a good gun fight to standing with a draft blowing through his green tights.

Joe Dunne watched the fantastically dressed crowd dance by and felt less self-conscious about his Robin Hood outfit.

"Isn't that a striking looking man?" Meg drew Joe's attention to a Harlequin who was coming down the grand stairway. The little domino mask the man was wearing didn't prevent Joe from recognizing him. "Maggie, that's Van Dunsan!"

Bing, a cop's girl friend, that told Meg everything. Van Dunsan, the one man the cops had never been able to trip up. For five years the cops knew that Van Dunsan was behind every major crime in the city.

Joe Dunne had built up case after case against him and his gang only to have it dissolved. The net was weaving closer and closer however and Joe knew he finally had the goods on him. Only the night before he had said, that in three days he would blow the bottom out from under the whole gang.

It was ten minutes to twelve, ten minutes to lights out and general unmasking time.

Van Dunsan, half way down the stairs ripped off his mask. His voice filled the ball room. "This is a stick-up! Line 'em up against the wall, boys."

The gun in his hand looked oddly out of place with the Harlequin outfit.

The music stopped as eight burly yeggs in monk's costumes, guns in hand went through the line picking and choosing the best of the women's jewelry.

Joe was stunned. Was Van Dunsan crazy? Never before had he even been present at the scene of a crime let alone taking part in one.

It was midnight. The lights went out.

Joe shook himself out of his daze as he saw a curtain flicker in the gloom. He ran to the window and saw Van Dunsan, running across the lawn to where the cars were parked. The Harlequin cape blended into the darkness. All the cars were parked out there, Joe got to his in time to see two cars start. One was filled with gunsels. Joe followed the other one. Those hoodlums were a dime a dozen. Van Dunsan was the

important one.

The car with one occupant kept about a hundred feet in front of him despite anything he could do. He could see the black cape and the tricorn hat of the Harlequin.

He wondered if this was a red herring. If this weren't Van Dunsan, then what? They hit the city traffic and it took all Joe could do not to lose the other car.

With a screech of brakes the car stopped in front of a tenement. The dark figure raced up the stairs with Joe pounding in pursuit. Up, up to the fifth floor. A rickety door slammed in his face.

Five years of wasted endeavor and Joe's two hundred pounds hit the door. It had to give. It did, part way.

Joe looked through before he battered it down completely. Van Dunsan, face contorted, was framed against the window.

"You still haven't got me," he screamed and dove through the window. Joe heard the glass break as he broke down the door.

Just as he reached the window he heard that never to be forgotten sound of human flesh and bones crashing on cement.

He looked down and saw the festive Harlequin five stories below. The laundry on the clothes lines in the court yard somehow, prosaic as they were, seemed to make the bunched figure more horrible.

He pushed himself away from the window and looked at the room. It was bare, unfurnished but for a telephone. He dialed for an ambulance and called his captain.

As he turned to leave the room he tripped over a clothes hanger. He kicked it out of the way. As he walked slowly downstairs he realized that Van Dunsan had rammed the clothes hanger under the door to slow him up.

The clanging of the ambulance bell followed him as he walked into the court yard. The young interne looked a little greenish as he looked up at Joe.

"He landed right on top of his head." He turned away and retched.

Joe tried to think of something else and remembered Meg still waiting for him at the ball. He got back to his car and drove automatically. Somehow this wasn't the way it should have turned out.

The police were still taking statements as to the value of the stolen articles when he came in. The place was overrun with reporters and cameramen. Flash bulbs punctuated questions.

Meg was no where in sight. Joe wondered idly if she had gone home in a huff. No, that wasn't like her. She understood the demands of his job. A little finger of worry inserted itself in his brain.

A harried looking butler came over. "Are you Mr. Dunne?" Joe nodded, "You're wanted on the phone."

That little finger was a handful of worry by the time he got to the phone.



"Joe Dunne? You got the boss, didn't you?" The weird voice of the hare lipped Rabbit came through spitefully. "Everything evens out. You got the Boss and I've got your girl. She ain't going to look so good when I get done with her. Cheer up though," the peculiar piping sound of unfed guinea pigs underlined the menacing voice, "you'll never see her again, so you won't know what she'll look like." The line went dead.

Joe slumped into a chair. It was no use tracing the call. He knew it came from the Rabbit's home. Only too often he had gone through those guinea-pig hutches looking for stolen jewels. The Rabbit was probably on his way now to wherever Meg was hidden. He racked his brain. The only starting point was Van Dunsan's "club." That must have been one of their hangouts. Perhaps they had intended to meet there and divide their loot.

It wasn't much to go on but he had to get moving so that worry wouldn't drive him insane. As he drove back to town he suddenly thought, "How did the Rabbit know the Boss was dead? Not enough time had elapsed for it to hit the papers. Maybe that was a lead."

He pulled himself up short, no use dwelling on ifs, he had to find her and find her fast. Perhaps they'd learned something at Headquarters. He dialed again.

"Joe Dunne? We've been waiting to hear from you. Something funny has come up. There wasn't much of Van Dunsan's head left when the coroner started to autopsy but there was enough to show the mouth had a cleft palate!"

Joe didn't even wait to hang up the receiver. There it was. The solution of all those tangled threads and most important, Meg's whereabouts.

He slammed into his car and headed for the Rabbit's home. As he drove he realized he should have grasped the significance of the coat hanger Van Dunsan had rammed under the door.

He switched his motor off and coasted silently to the door of the yard.

A flickering light showed through a shaded window. Joe edged stealthily to it and looked in.

His hand raised for his gun at what he saw. Meg gagged, bound hand and foot lay on the floor with guinea-pigs racing insanely over her and over the rest of the room. A half inch of a fluttering candle stood next to her.

A man, face concealed in shadow, said, "And now, my dear, that I've collected my various caches of loot, I leave you to the tender mercies of the Rabbit's pets. If anyone ever told you that guinea-pigs are vegetarians, remember that they belong to the rat family and when they get hungry enough perhaps they'll remember their ancestors."

Joe, gun in hand, broke through the window, his voice was flat and deadly as he said, "Van Dunsan, you're finished. Put——"

A shot ate blood from Joe's ear,

Joe triggered once and Van Dunsan, hands clasping his belly, fell to the floor, groaning.

Dawn was breaking over Headquarters when Joe explained the setup to his captain.

"If I had used my head, I would have realized that there was a reason for Van Dunsan shoving a coat hanger under the door before his fake suicide. You see he wanted to delay me and still allow the door to open a trifle. The curve of the coat hanger fixed that.

"Van Dunsan killed the Rabbit before the hold-up and dressed him in a duplicate Harlequin outfit. He beat his face in to destroy the hare lip not knowing that most hare lipped people also have a cleft palate.

"He hooked part of the costume to a clothes line depending on the black cloak to hide the body at a casual glance in the darkness, which it did.

"When he dove through the window he grabbed the clothes line pole and climbed up. The jolt of his body hitting the pole shook the Rabbit off the line and down.

"When I looked out of the window he was up over my head. I never even thought to look up."

"But what was the reason for all this?" the captain broke in.

"A darn good one. He knew I had a case against him that he couldn't wiggle out of.

"Luncie, the Rabbit and he were the only ones who split the real gravy.

"He murdered the Rabbit and figured we'd grab Luncie as we did when he came for the division of the spoils. That would have left him with a new identity and the lion's share of past robberies and all of to-night's profits.

"Where he went off the track was in trying to get even with me through Meg." Joe caressed her hair.

"He held me responsible for breaking up his comfortable racket so he had Luncie kidnap her while he allowed me to trail him and see his gory end.

"He had told them to leave her at the club and then split up.

"While we were arresting Luncie he went back and re-kidnapped her. Then he took her to the Rabbit's place, figuring rightly, that if he imitated the Rabbit's voice and let me hear the guinea-pigs squeal that that being the most obvious place was the last place I'd have thought of.

"Guinea-pigs look like rats without any tails and knowing how most women feel about rats——

"He left her there while he got the gang's money and jewels from their various hiding places and then came back to kill Meg.

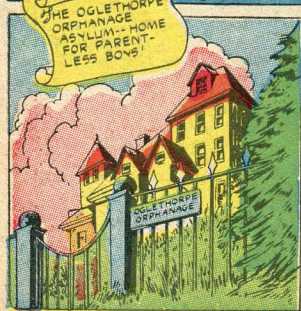
"You see, he had to kill her, because she was the only one that knew he was still alive. He bluffed her about the guinea-pigs eating her. That was just some of his dirty mental tortures."

O'Leary the cop, came up as they left Headquarters. He grinned at their bedraggled costumes and said, "Say, Joe, how about two tickets to the Police Masquerade Ball?"

He ducked just in time.



# KINKER KINCAID

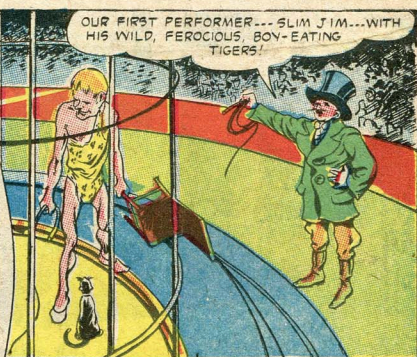


TODAY IS "CIRCUS DAY" FOR THE ORPHANS --- AND WE FIND THEM BUSY AT WORK, PREPARING FOR THE BIG EVENT!

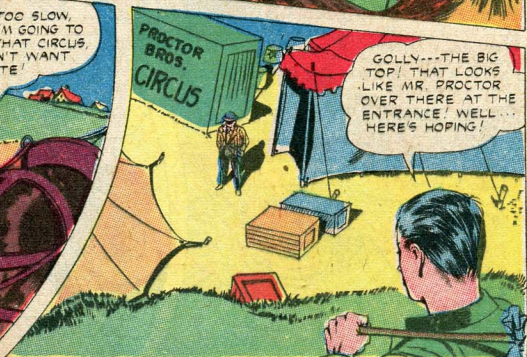


CIRCUS











COME TO THINK OF IT, I DO NEED A BOY, BUT IT'S ONLY FOR ONE DAY! THINK YOU CAN LEAD PART OF THE CAMEL TRAIN?

SURE... YES... GOSH... YOU BET... **WOWIE!**

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAVE FILLED THE BIG TOP TO THE RAFTERS, AND THE SHOW BEGINS! FIRST COME THE ELEPHANTS FOLLOWED BY THE CAMEL TRAIN!

THIS ISN'T MUCH BUT MAYBE I CAN GET A CHANCE... JUST ONE CHANCE!

THEN COME THE CLOWNS... THE LAUGH-MAKING FUNSTERS OF THE CIRCUS!

LOOK AT THEM GO! THEY'RE SURE GOOD, BUT I BET SOME DAY I CAN BE JUST AS GOOD!

NEXT COME THE AERIAL ARTISTS, LAUGHING AT PERILOUS HEIGHTS!

BOY, AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL? I'D LIKE TO TRY THAT SOME DAY... BUT NOT RIGHT NOW. I THINK!

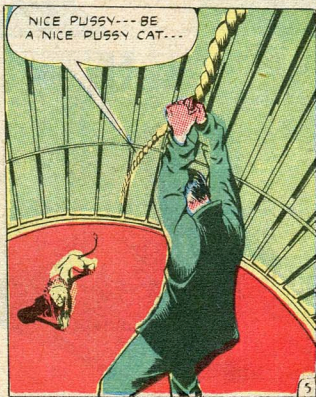
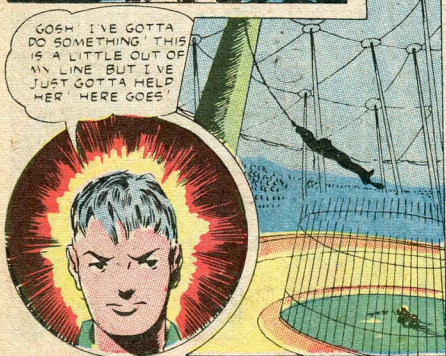
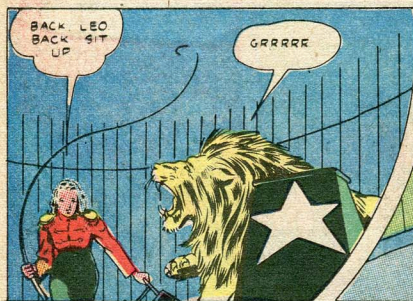
AND FINALLY... THE SENSATION OF THE CIRCUS... **MARY WILSON**, THE ONLY WOMAN LION TAMER IN THE WORLD!

DON'T WORRY, MR. PROCTOR... I CAN HANDLE HIM!

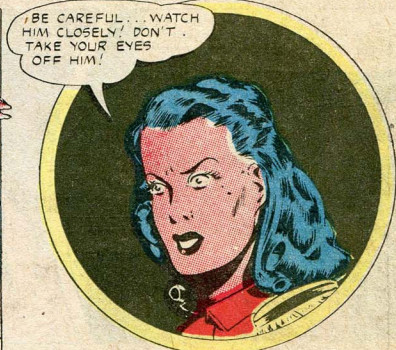
LISTEN TO ME, MARY! LEO IS DANGEROUS! HE'S A MEAN LION!

HOOLA! LET LEO IN! HOOLA!

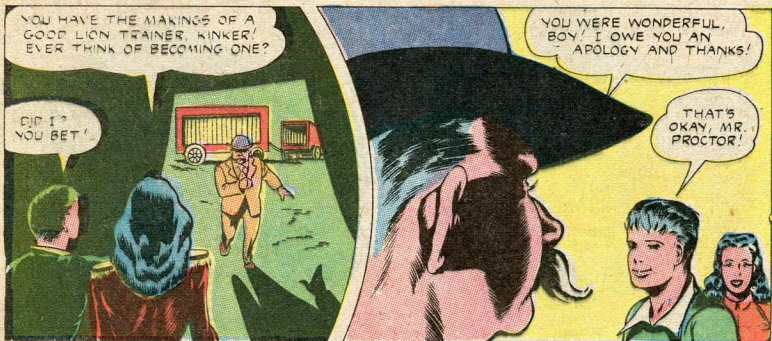














# PERRY ALLEN

ONCE MORE WE BRING YOU A THRILLING DRAMA OF THOSE DARING ADVENTUROUS BOYS... **PERRY ALLEN** AND HIS EQUALLY FEARLESS FRIEND, **TOM POWERS**... IN A TALE OF TREACHEROUS INTRIGUE! WHEN PLANE AFTER PLANE VANISHED OVER THE JUNGLES OF MEXICO HURLING THE PILOTS TO A FLAMING DEATH, AND WHEN NO ONE DARED TO CHALLENGE THE INVINCIBLE INCAS OF DEATH... IT TOOK OUR TWO HEROES TO STRIKE BACK HARD AND FAST TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF "THE DOUBLE-FACED DOUBLCROSSERS!"



THE EXTERIOR OF MEXICO... LAND OF THE ANCIENT INCAS, WHERE THE JUNGLES HAVE OPENED TO HURL DEATH INTO THE SKY!

SO THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE OUR PILOTS HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN, EH? CAN'T SCARE ME! INCA DINKA NO SCARE-A ME!!



DON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT AN INCA PYRAMID... HOW THE BLAZES CAN THEY GET AN ACK-ACK GUN INTO THAT JUNGLE?

WHATEVER IT IS TELL 'EM TO STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR!

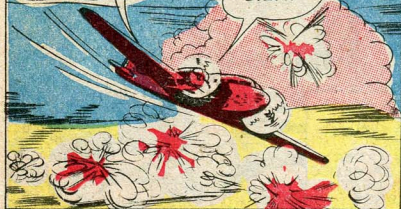




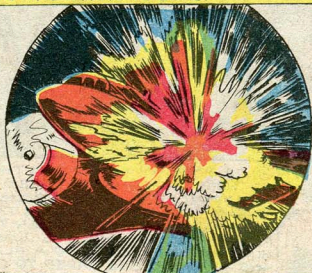
**S**UDDENLY, LEADEN DEATH STRIKES AT THE PLANE.

HEY! ACK-ACK!  
WHERE'S IT  
COMING FROM?

DON'T ASK  
QUESTIONS!  
**HIT THE  
SILK!**



**AND A DIRECT HIT TURNS THE SHIP  
INTO A BLAZING INFERNO!**



**ONCE MORE DEATH  
STRIKES FROM THE  
JUNGLE BELOW. BUT  
THIS TIME AT THE  
DEFENSELESS PILOTS OF  
THE PLANE!**

UHHHH.  
DIRTY, SNEAKY...  
AAGGHHH



**BELOW IN THE VAST  
JUNGLE, TWO ADVENTUR-  
OUS AMERICAN BOYS,  
PERRY ALLEN, AND HIS  
FRIEND, TOM POWERS,  
WITNESS THE SIGHT  
WITH FIERY ANGER!**

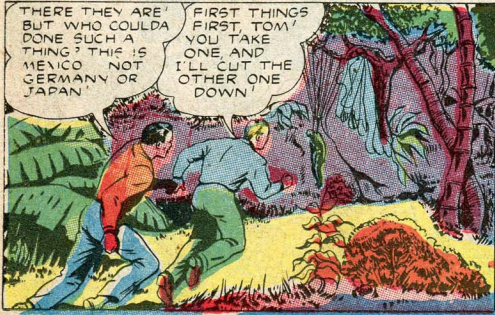
DIDJA SEE THAT,  
PERRY? THOSE  
AMERICAN PILOTS  
DIDN'T HAVE  
A CHANCE!

EASY, TOM!  
LET'S GET  
THE PILOTS  
AND FIND OUT  
WHAT THIS IS  
ALL ABOUT!



THERE THEY ARE!  
BUT WHO COULDA  
DONE SUCH A  
THING? THIS IS  
MEXICO, NOT  
GERMANY OR  
JAPAN!

FIRST THINGS  
FIRST, TOM!  
YOU TAKE  
ONE, AND  
I'LL CUT THE  
OTHER ONE  
DOWN!

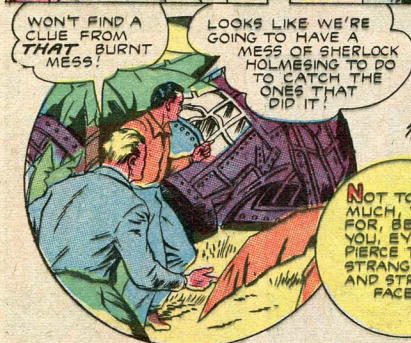


DON'T TOUCH  
ME... UH  
HAVEN'T YOU  
DONE ENOUGH?

EASY... I'M  
AN AMERICAN-  
I'VE COME  
TO HELP  
YOU!













SUDDENLY, FROM A SECRET POCKET, COMES ANOTHER KNIFE! THE JAP DRAWS BACK. THEN FORWARD...

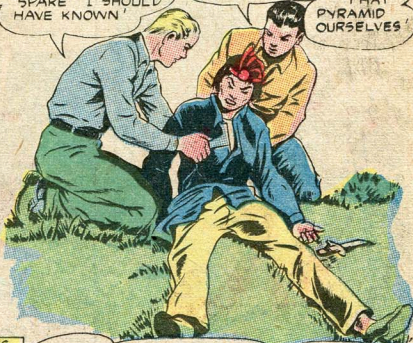


AAAAHHH! HAVE SAVED 'FACE'

WHA-WHERE'D HE GET A KNIFE?

THESE JAPS ALWAYS CARRY AROUND A SPARE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

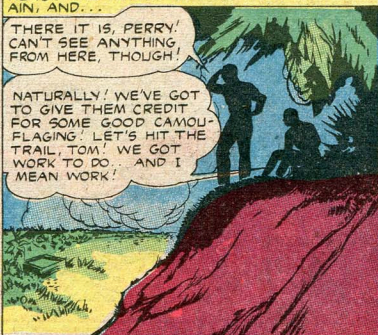
NOTHING ON HIM TO DIRECT US! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THAT PYRAMID OURSELVES!



A SHORT WHILE LATER THE TWO FRIENDS REACH THE SUMMIT OF THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN, AND...

THERE IT IS, PERRY! CAN'T SEE ANYTHING FROM HERE, THOUGH!

NATURALLY! WE'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM CREDIT FOR SOME GOOD CAMOUFLAGING! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, TOM! WE GOT WORK TO DO... AND I MEAN WORK!



OUR BOY SCOUT TRAINING SURE COMES IN HANDY IN THESE PARTS, EH, TOM?

BOY SCOUTS? YOU GOTTA BE AN INDIAN TO FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE, HUGE MECHANICAL EARS, CAPABLE OF DISTINGUISHING HUMAN FOOTSTEPS FROM ORDINARY JUNGLE NOISES, PICK UP OUR HEROES TRAIL.



AIEEE! HEAR STRANGE FOOT- STEPS!

THERE ARE STRANGERS!

WE ATTACK AS EMPEROR HAS TAUGHT US BEHIND!



CHARGE, ITO AND PITO!





THE DAUNTLESS DUO ARE OVER-  
COME BY THE SAVAGE DOGS...

HURRY, NOBU,  
BLOW WHISTLE TO  
MAKE HONORABLE  
DOGS HOLD! WE  
WANT THEM  
ALIVE!



MINUTES LATER, PERRY AND  
TOM ARE LED, CAPTIVES, TO  
THE MYSTERIOUS PYRAMID!

SO THIS IS THE PRETTY  
HIDEOUT! SHREWD, TOO!



GOSH, NOBODY WOULD  
EVER FIND THIS SPOT  
IN A MILLION YEARS!

THIS PLACE IS SO  
BIG, THEY MUST BE  
PLANNING TO USE IT  
TO LAUNCH AN IN-  
VASION AGAINST  
AMERICA! MUST  
GET OUT SOME  
WAY...



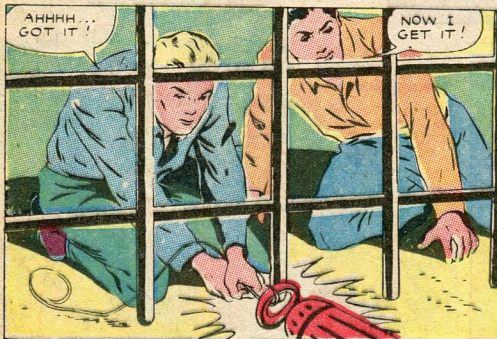
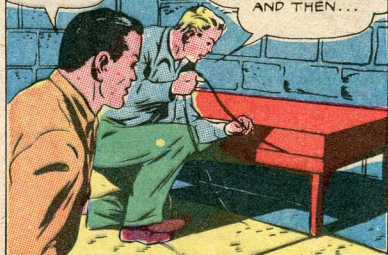
... IF I CAN --- WAIT!  
THAT RIVETER, IF I  
CAN ONLY GET IT!

WHAT'VE YOU  
GOT ON YOUR  
MIND, PERRY?

QUICKLY, PERRY TEARS A STRIP OF WIRE  
FROM THE PRISON COT!

WHAT'S THAT  
FOR? I DON'T  
GET IT!

THIS SHOULD WORK--  
A HOOK ON THE  
END OF THE WIRE...  
AND THEN...



AHHHH...  
GOT IT!

NOW I  
GET IT!

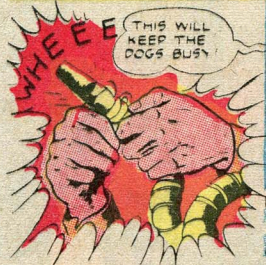
THE RIVETING MACHINE SOON  
SMASHES THE PRISON LOCK...

IF I CAN ONLY GET BY THOSE  
DOGS... WAIT! HERE'S THE WHIS-  
TLE THE GUARD DROPPED! PER-  
FECT! ONLY THE DOGS CAN HEAR  
IT!





ATTACHING THE WHISTLE--WHICH IS PITCHED SO HIGH THAT HUMAN EARS CANNOT HEAR IT--TO A PNEUMATIC AIR HOSE. HE SETS A TRAP.



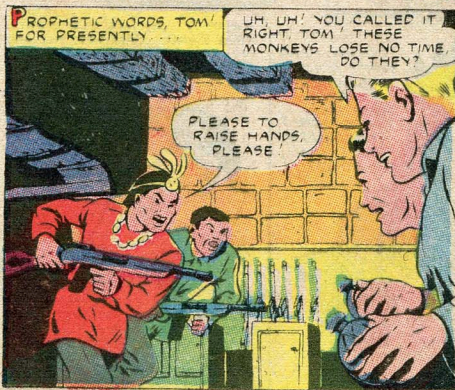
AIEEE! HONORABLE DOG HAS PLAYED DISHONORABLE TRICK!



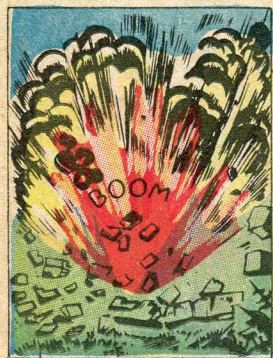
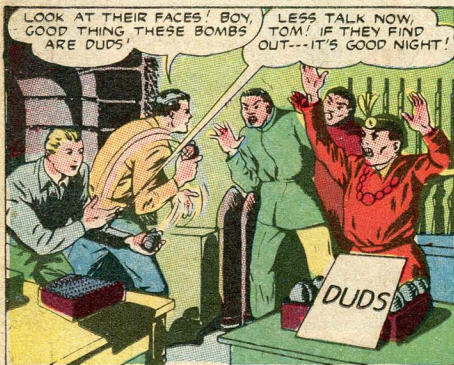
MEANWHILE PERRY AND TOM HAVE PLANS--BIG EXPLOSIVE PLANS!

DUD! CAN YOU TIE THAT? WELL MAYBE WE CAN AT LEAST ESCAPE

THAT IS IF WE'RE NOT CAUGHT









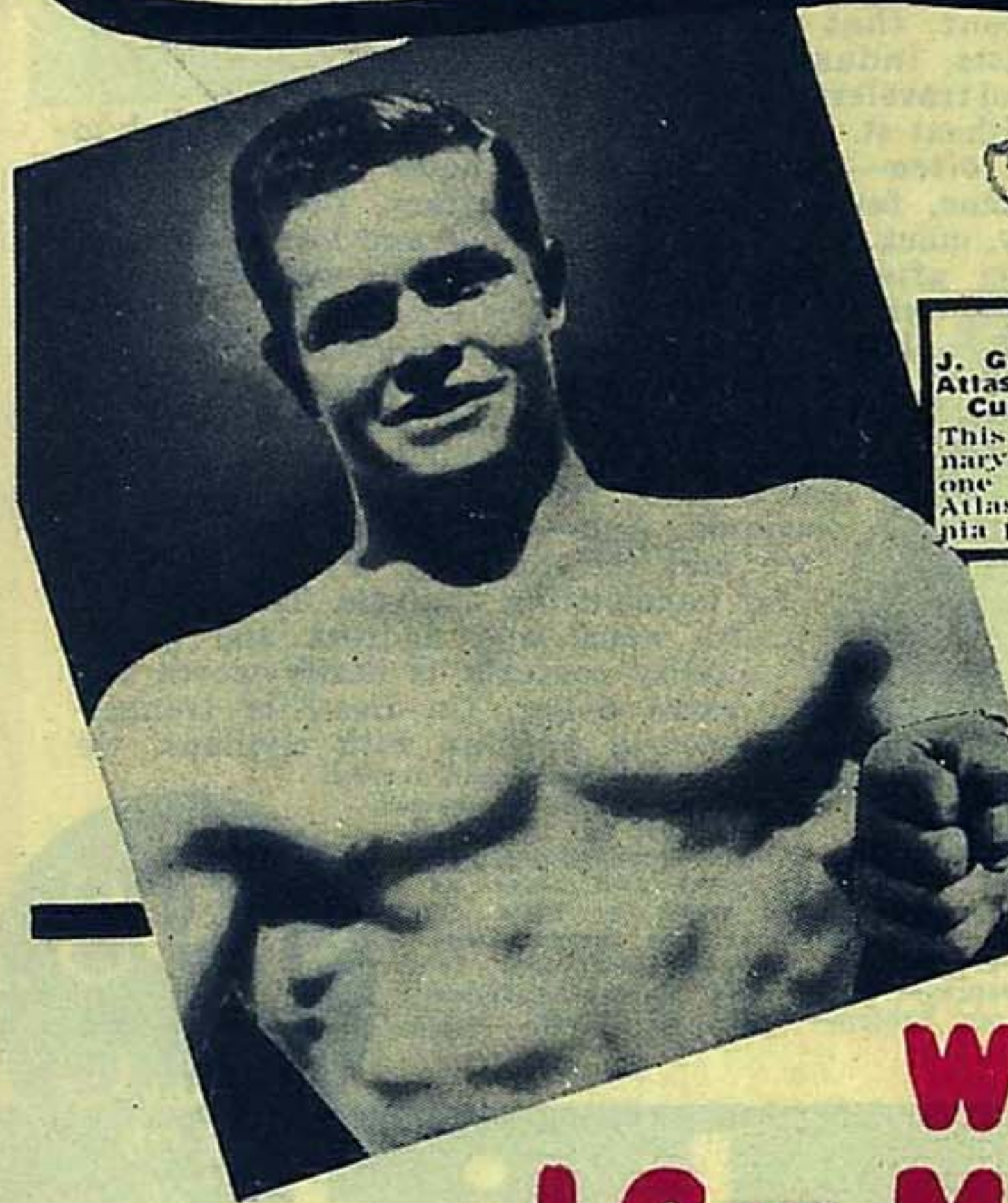
**BILL, YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL BUILD! DID YOU TRAIN FOR A LONG TIME?**

**ABSOLUTELY NOT! THE ATLAS DYNAMIC TENSION SYSTEM MAKES MUSCLES GROW FAST!**

**Here's the Kind of MEN I Build!**

*Charles Atlas*

An actual untouched photo of Charles Atlas, holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



**Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?**

**Only 15 Minutes a Day**

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

### **What's My Secret**

"**Dynamic Tension**!" That's the ticket! The *identical natural* method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—*my way*. I give you *no gadgets or contraptions to fool with*. When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

### **FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"**

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU**! For a real thrill, send for this book *today*. AT **ONCE**. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 332A 115 East 23rd Street, New York City 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 332A  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "**Dynamic Tension**" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly.)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A